

# Puck



"Now, stop it! Oh, please!  
Did you hear what I said?"  
She calls him a tease;  
"Now, stop it! Oh, please!"  
She cries in high keys.  
But she means, Go ahead!  
"Now, stop it! Oh, please!  
Did you hear what I said?"



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## Cartoons and Comments

**MORE WAGES FOR RAILROAD MEN.** THE operating forces of the Eastern railroads want more money. The railroads are willing to pay them more if the Government will permit a raise in freight rates. Likewise the individual stockholders. They have no objections to an increase of wages,—are perfectly willing, in fact, so long as increased wages do not operate to decrease dividends or to bear the market price of the stock. The public is not disposed to be unreasonable, either. The public appreciates and admires a practical railroad man, and would be glad to see the operating force get a raise in pay, provided a raise

in transportation and freight rates did not immediately follow in consequence. All is thus seen to be ideally friendly and pleasant. The operating force of a railroad is not composed of unreasonable men. They would be willing, doubtless, to accept their present rate of pay if their fixed charges were reduced. All the railroads have to do to make their employees satisfied, even pleased, with the present wage scale is to reduce their living expenses all around; to induce landlords to accept less rent from them, and to persuade storekeepers and other merchants to charge railroad employees lower prices for meat, groceries, coal, clothing, and other necessities of life. Landlords would be

very glad to do this if the authorities would lower their tax rates, and those who deal in meat, groceries, and other necessities would be perfectly willing to oblige also, provided they could eliminate the trusts, middle-men, and other obstacles in the way of low prices. It seems with all this willingness that something might be done. If not, there still will remain the BRYAN method as a happy solution and a way out. If railroad employees cannot live on their present pay, let them "supplement their income" with other work in the railroad company's time. Some of them might even lecture on the Chautauqua circuit. Railroading is an ever-interesting topic.

## AN OLD GAME.



"Hold this baby for me, will you. Mister? I'll be back in a minute."

PUCK, March 5, 1913.



"I don't believe that nurse is coming back!"

L. M. GARDNER





"A GENTLEMAN FARMER."

THE RICH LITTLE CITY BOY'S NOTION OF HIM.

VOLUNTEER MUSIC.

GOOD INTENTIONS are admirable, but not always sufficient. This is why amateur performers upon musical instruments, though they have the best intentions in the world, produce peculiar noises capable of leading to rash acts on the part of the auditors. Mme. Melba has imitators whose motives are every bit as worthy as those of the peerless soprano, but they will not receive one thousand five hundred dollars per night for their warbling, and may even consider themselves

fortunate if they are not fined or imprisoned; and many a nice lad, working in a country grocery-store, and with morals far superior to those of Enrico Caruso, has been requested not to try to sing.

With these facts in mind a good many people will tremble at the words of Mayor Gaynor of New York City that "we should encourage the formation of volunteer bands." They will doubt that "they are an education to those who belong to them and a delight to the whole neighborhood." Those who have never heard a volunteer band may like the idea. The idea, like most abstractions, is grateful to the imagination. Those who have heard a group of young volunteers gather under a tree of

women and men in this country now pursuing a musical education that would make good and efficient housekeepers and wage-earners if they had not adopted this wicked, wayward life. It is sad to consider that some day all this army will insist upon voluntary musical effort, and there will be no law to prevent.

Freeman Tilden.



METHOD.

HIS MOTHER.—But is she a methodical girl, Herbert?

SON.—Is she, Mother? Why, she keeps a piece of chewing-gum under every chair in the house!

a summer evening and render "Seeing Nellie Home," "Old Black Joe," and other experiments in harmonics, will not agree with Mayor Gaynor at all. If the Mayor is sincere in his efforts to discourage crime he ought to be careful not to set too many pernicious ideas afloat.

Nothing is more beautiful than the human voice when it is natural and beautiful; and any human voice, though not beautiful, is tolerable when it is natural. But it is not natural for most human voices to sing. It is unnatural—and cruel. It is a vibration of the atmospheric particles that creates and fosters wicked impulses, such as suicide and homicide. What we need is not more voluntary bands, but less voluntary bands, and less unrequested musical effort. There are tens of thousands of young

THE POPULAR SONG.

THE ditty which achieves success  
Is but a jingling sham,  
Which everybody learns to sing,  
And no one fails to damn!



JUNGLE CONVENIENCES.

MRS. HIPPO HAS HER HORN CONVERTED INTO AN ATOMIZER.

**Query:** If a man is only as old as he feels, then is a woman only as old as she tells?

"SUMMER STOCK."



It's time for "summer stock" again  
The ten-twenty-thirty kind,  
When nobly-tailored leading men  
Will stir the girlish mind;  
When we shall see the villain sneer  
And hear him laugh "Har! Har!"  
And hear again—we did last year—  
"East Lynne" and "Ingomar."

And we shall love the "hero-yne"  
And weep to see her plight  
Caused by the villain's fell design—  
A fiendish scheme, all right,—  
And we'll applaud the "comic man"  
Who often saves the star;  
But, ah! we'll wait and wait to scan  
"East Lynne" and "Ingomar."

It's time for summer stock once more,  
And every night they play  
The comic man will step before  
The curtain, and he'll say:  
"Next week 'Two Orphans' you will view,  
But, what is better far,  
Later we'll freely promise you  
'East Lynne' and 'Ingomar.'"

Berton Braley.

A PERFECT SYSTEM OF MNEMONICS.

AUNT FILURA.—When was it you had the crick in your back, Silas?  
UNCLE SILAS.—Let's see. Wasn't it last winter when I was takin' the Jump-Up Tonic? No; it seems as if it was a year ago last winter when I was takin' Gall's Liver Polish. Or it may have been early in the spring when I was tryin' that box of Graymatter & Pulp's Brain Salve. No; now I know for sure: It was two years ago last winter when you an' me was wearin' them Dr. Ketchem's Anti-Spasmotic Insoles.

WHEN a poor man has too much money he lends it to the bank; when a rich man has n't enough the bank lends it to him.

THE JOY OF SIGNING.

THAT was a good joke when the Socialist Deputies of France filed into the Chamber bearing enormous packages, advanced to the presiding officer's chair, and deposited them around him until he was entirely hidden from the sight of man. The bundles were the component parts of a petition against the three-year military bill. There were 730,000 signatures. It was a good joke. But as a political effort it was defective on account of a peculiar crochets of human nature. You can get 730,000 signatures to anything. People like to sign. The more signatures precede their own, the happier they feel in putting down their names. It makes no difference what the petition may be. It's just the sheer joy of signing.



Most persons will sign any paper that does not look too suspiciously like a promissory note or an order for Ridpath's History of the World. All that is necessary is to shove the scroll beneath the nose of the prospective signer, place a pencil deftly in his hand, and say in a tone of confidence and enthusiasm, "On this line, Mr. Smith." Some niggard, possibly rendered suspicious by having cut his eye-teeth at large expense, may demand to know the purposes of the vast army in which he is about to enroll.

But such men are few. Most of our intelligent electorate consider themselves insulted if they are not asked to sign the nomination papers of every candidate for office.

The same individual that assents to sign a petition for Woman Suffrage will, if properly approached, sign a petition against Woman Suffrage. You can get your fellow-townsmen to head a list of petitioners to have the tin cornice of the Town Hall put in repair; and that same fellow-townsmen's name will appear on a petition not to spend any more tax-money for ten years.

The gentleman who just signed a petition to commute the sentence of a condemned criminal would have as cheerfully signed, had he been alive at the time, a round-robin of congratulation to Herod. Not because he is a man that thirsts for gore. On the contrary, he is the good father of a family. But, bless his heart, he loves to sign. He simply can't resist.



WATCHING THE SUNSET.



EMPLOYER.

BUTCHER BAKER TAILOR  
GROCEER LANDLORD DOCTOR  
MILKMAN GASMAN ICEMAN

EMPLOYED.



LINING 'EM OUT.

THE NATIONAL GAME ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

THE DERAILER OF TALES.

HERE are some men who hate to hear a story flow along smoothly to the end. They like to break its current by throwing huge boulders in the way of senseless interruptions with inane questions. A really good raconteur is rendered helpless when one of these obstructors appears. Mr. Raconteur starts:

"When the Duke of Montfort was here in 1878 he met Billy Florence for the first time——"

"Billy Florence — Florence," interrupts Mr. Obstructor. "I wonder where he got the name of Florence? Regular girl's name!"

Raconteur freezes him with a look and proceeds:

"Florence was a great practical joker and he determined to put up a job on the Duke with the aid of Ed Larrabee——"

"Larrabee the biscuit man?" asks Obstructor.

"I don't know what the —— Larrabee he was. That hasn't anything to do with what I'm telling."

Obstructor is not offended, but he nods his head several times like a mandarin, and Raconteur goes on:

"He sent a messenger-boy to the hotel at which the Duke was stopping——"

"What hotel was it?" asks Obstructor with great interest.

"Any old hotel! ——and the messenger told the Duke to meet Florence at seven that evening at the St. James Hotel——"

"Ha, ha! the old St. James. Many a dinner I've eaten there."

"I wish one of 'em had choked you!" says Raconteur, losing his temper.

"Why?" asks Obstructor, for he is nothing if not dense.

"At seven sharp the Duke was there and

found a group of Indians with tomahawks in their hands——"

"Where were the police?"

"Boys, I have an engagement uptown. If you want to hear this story I'll tell it when the rails are free of obstructions."

"Wonder why he didn't finish it?" says Obstructor.

WOMAN'S WAY.

"CAN you not read my thoughts?" "They were near the cold, gray ocean with its eternal pulsations. His ardent glance rested upon her glorious face."

"No," she answered, quietly, "I do not care for light reading." A bitter rose near them, emitting a loud shriek as it took wing.

SECOND THOUGHTS.

COMPANION.—What shall I read, madam?

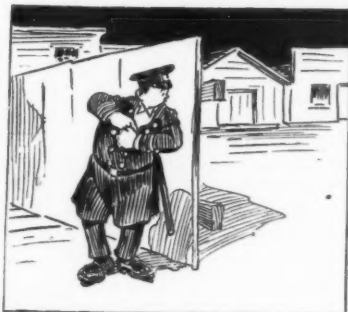
PATIENT.—It does n't matter. Anything.

COMPANION (glancing over a newspaper).—"Last evening Patrick Mulhooligan——"

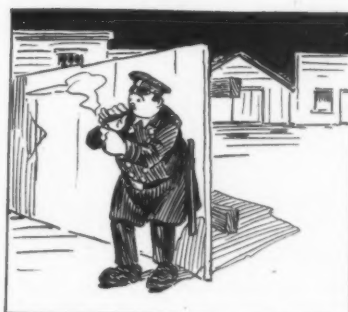
PATIENT.—Please don't read any reports of crimes.

A FOOL and his money seldom leave Wall Street together.

THAT PUSSY-FOOTED POLICE-DOG.



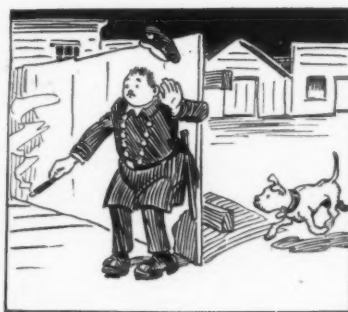
I. "I know it's against the rules an' regulations ——"



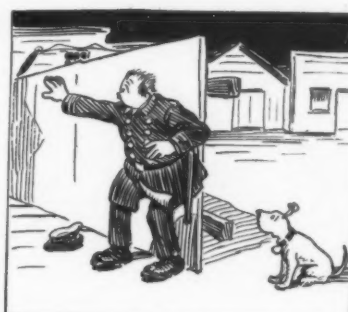
II. "——to smoke while on duty, but ——"



III. "——who could resist a perfecto when there ain't no inspector around?"



IV. "Footsteps!"



V. "Goodby, sweetheart! I must n't get caught with the goods!"



I. "Say, you mutt, why didn't you bark?"



THE MILKINER:

I watched Gue trim a hat one day —  
A dainty thing in *négligé*.  
The hat, of course! But Gue, they say,  
Is dainty, too, in *négligé*.

NOT A GOOD BARGAIN.

**T**HE eyes of the suitor filled with tears. "Sir!" he protested, "I would give my very life for your daughter." Her father started violently.  
"Young man!" he thundered, "do I look as if I was easy picking in a trade?"  
Before his gaze the youth averted his face, abashed.

ALL THE SAME.

**H**EAD BARTENDER.—Here! You are not making that cocktail right!  
ASSISTANT.—What's the dif.? This is the third one he's had.

WITH AN ACCENT.

**M**R. JONES (*meekly*).—Did you ever see me anything but sober?  
MRS. JONES.—Yes; last night you were *anything* but sober!

A DIFFERENCE OF TASTE.

**M**RS. LISTON WELLE.—Don't you think Miss Thumpford is playing that nocturne through too fast?  
MR. A. BOARDMAN.—Too fast! Good heavens, madam! She *can't* play it through too fast to suit me!

NOT WORTH WHILE.

**H**E.—No; I never read books that are being much talked about.  
SHE.—But why not?  
HE.—It takes so much effort to explain when I don't like them.

USED TO HARD LUCK.

**M**EPHISTOPHELES (*at home*).—How do you like the place?  
THE ACTOR (*indifferently*).—Oh! I've been stranded in all sorts of places, don't you know.

**I**f there are bacilli in a kiss, what we obviously need is a pasteurized milk of human kindness.





A FREE AND FEARLESS PRESS.

### THE GOLFER'S VERSION.



**A**LL the world 's a links,  
And all the men and women merely players:  
They have their stymies and their fizzle strokes;  
And one man in his time plays many games,  
His skill being seven stages. At first, the tyro,  
Missing and swearing at the little globe;  
Then the local player, with his brassie  
And happy golfing face, creeping like snail  
But willingly toward holes; and then the enthusiast,  
Teeing the gutty, with a Highland ballad  
Made to his partner's wrist shot. Then, an expert,  
Full of Scotch oaths and costumed in the breeks,  
Making a gobble; sudden and quick in putting,  
Seeking a golfer's reputation  
E'en in the bunker's pit. And then the champion—  
In well-worn outfit with gold medals lined,  
With eyes severe, and half-shot of the best;  
Full of advice and match-play instances;  
And so he plays his game. The sixth stage  
Shifts into the old and "has been" golfing champ,  
With full beard on his chin and clubs on side;  
His loud plaid hose, well saved, a mile too wide  
For his shrunk shanks; and his once-piercing voice  
Turning once more toward childish "foreing," pipes  
And whistles in his play. Last stage of all,  
That ends this dialectic history,  
Is golfing memories and mere narration,  
Sans stroke, sans swipe, sans grip, sans everything!

Arthur E. Locke.

### REVENGE IS SWEET.

**A** DESPERATE man stood on the bridge, looking down into the awful abyss below. His haggard face and bloodshot eyes showed that he had passed through a painful process. In the battle of life he had been Li Hung Changed by a large majority. "It is over," he muttered between teeth that he had clenched for the purpose; "it is over, and I have lost. Beaten and broke, there is nothing left for me but the fatal plunge. It will be a poor revenge on the world, but here goes —"

A soft hand was placed on his shoulder, a benevolent-looking man drew him back, and a mellow voice said:  
"You were talking of taking your life."  
"Yes."  
"As a revenge upon man for his cruelty to you?"  
"That was my —"  
"Your intention, yes; but the world laughs at a man who commits suicide. Don't make away with yourself, but let me point out the road to a nobler revenge."  
"Tell me what it is, and I am your slave forever."  
"I will give you the State agency for a patent collar-button."  
The hard, drawn look faded from the eyes of the would-be suicide. He sank on one knee and murmured: "My benefactor!"

James Gray.

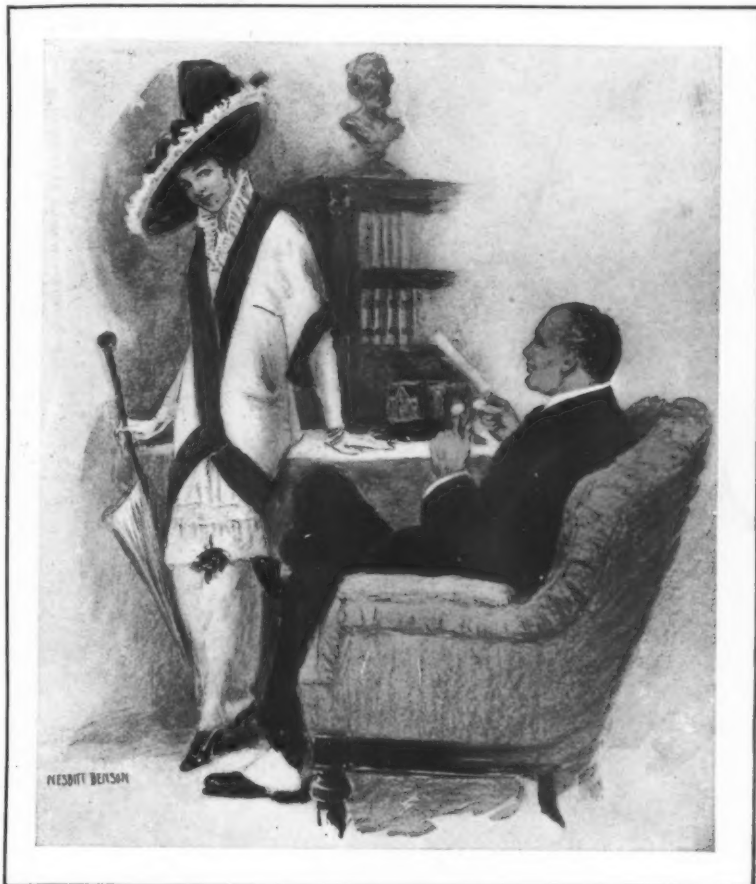
### IF THE WORM TURNED.

**W**HEN the people of Norway, in 1905, got their decree absolute from Sweden, and set up housekeeping for themselves, they might have elected a president if they had wished. But they wanted a king, and they got one from Denmark, and they called him Haakon VII, and made his salary \$185,000 a year. Some folks prefer a king made in Denmark and some folks prefer a king made in Wall Street; those who pay their money have their—receipts.

But it begins to look as though the Norwegians were only taking a flyer in kings, after all; that Haakon may have been just a sort of Rex Cocktail while the sovereign people were making up their minds what to order. It looks that way, because the Storting is going to work to make it just as unpleasant as possible for Haakon VII. They don't want him, for instance, to have the veto power. They only gave it to him in fun, anyway. It has been a veto power with strings, so that it could be hastily pulled back again. But they don't want him, now, even to have the pleasant fancy that he has the veto power. In other words, he is reminded that he is not meant to be useful, but ornamental, and that the less he has to say about any important matter the better.

Now this is rather booting a man who has been asked to stoop over to pick up a pretty crown. If Haakon has the real red Viking fluid in his veins he won't put up with it. He will call that bunch of legislators up to the kinghouse and say to them, in a pleasant but firm way: "Gentlemen, you asked me to come and take this job. If you had got the advice of experts, they would probably have told you that there was n't any job here to take; but you saw otherwise, and here I am. I don't complain of the salary; I can live within it by checking up the bills. I don't complain of my house, either. I might like new wall-paper in the sitting-room, but let that pass for the moment. The point is, you are butting in on my job. You want to have a king, but you want to do the kinging yourselves. Gentlemen, I won't stand it. Here, take your darned scepter!"

Maybe the Storting would n't feel kind of foolish then!



### HE HAD SEEN IT.

CLASSIC DANCER.—Doctor, I want you to vaccinate me where it won't show in my dance  
PHYSICIAN.—Hum! I'm afraid you'll have to take it internally.



THE PUCK PRESS

THE LITTLE OF 7





# Around the Base Ball Circuit.



An Indian with a German name  
Is Meyers of Manhattan fame.  
His war-club leaves a trail of woe;  
His scalping-knife's a deadly throw.



Evers of Cutchtown, also of Troy;  
A quiet, retiring, peaceable boy.  
When umpires give him the worst of a deal  
He never is known to utter a squeal.

## WHY?



WONDER why I never get an answer to my "ad"?  
I have n't had one single one—it really is too bad.  
Without a girl I can't go out, but still must stay indoors,  
To cook and sweep and do besides all of the other chores.  
I don't believe that servant-girls read newspapers at all;  
For six times I've inserted this, — I yet have one to call:

WANTED—A girl to do housework  
in small family. Must not be good-  
looking. Liberal wages.  
MRS. NEWBRIDE, 210 X Ave.

And why is it Jack laughs at this and says: "I'll tell you flat,  
• *Whirl* Wants work wonders, but they'll bring no girl to answer *that*!"

## OR DEAD ONES.

BUSTLER.—How's that suburban cemetery scheme of yours doing?  
HUSTLER.—First-class! All I want now is to get a few live  
men in it.

## A CHANGE.

STARVELING.—We've got a French cook at our boarding-house.  
DUMPLING.—Notice any difference?  
STARVELING.—Yes, the hash is served as soup.

## WHAT HE MISSED.

DRUMMER.—Could I show you a few goods, Mr. Rosenbaum?  
ROSENBAUM.—Py heavens! You missed a pig order py nod  
gedding here a liddle sooner. I shust dis minute failed!

## GOOD REASON.

MISTRESS.—Why did n't you tell me that you broke that plate?  
BRIDGET.—Least said, soonest mended.

## NOT SUPERSTITIOUS.

MRS. LAKESIDE.—Mrs. Weeds was married on Friday, and in less  
than a year she was a widow.  
MRS. WABASH.—Now she will probably want to be married thirteen  
times, to see how that would affect her luck.



## HE COULD N'T RESIST.

CHOLLY.—That old chap with the whiskers seemed to be deeply interested  
in me. Asked me a hundred questions. Who is he?  
FERDY.—Oh, that's Professor Blinks, the alienist. Here for a rest, too!



# PUCK

## THE WIDOW'S PROPOSAL.

**W**OU say that you love me? Truly?  
It's a great surprise, of course—  
(Willy, stop hitting Johnny!  
You can't *always* be horse!)

I've often thought how happy  
I could make a man, and that—  
(Elizabeth, stop your yelling,  
And *don't* torment the cat!)

Nobody dreams how lonely  
I am, how quiet and sad—  
(Oh, goodness gracious, children!  
Your racket will drive me mad!)

Of course I have the children,  
With their little merry ways—  
(Johnny, put down those matches!  
You'll have us all ablaze!)

Oh, yes, my dear, I'm willing  
And happy to be your wife—  
(Nurse, come and get these children!  
And we'll lead a peaceful life!

Florence E. Pratt.

## THE AGE OF MR. FORSYTH.

(As Gleaned from the Letters of Priscilla.)

FROM LETTER I.

"AN ELDERLY gentleman by the name of  
Mr. Forsyth."

II.

"About fifty, I should judge. Harry thinks  
him very *distingué* in appearance."

III.

"He cannot be over forty-five. So nice  
and fatherly, too. Hal has taken a sudden  
dislike to him, with his usual inconsistency."

IV.

"Actually has the temerity to consider him-  
self eligible. The silly old reprobate! The  
idea! An old man of fifty or forty-five, at  
least! Hal would be wild if he knew."

V.

"They say he is *immensely* wealthy. Remark-  
ably well preserved for a man of forty-five.  
Has beautiful iron-gray hair, and is the personi-  
fication of courtesy. I wish Harry was not  
so blunt."

VI.

"Mr. Forsyth has a pas-  
sion for flowers. Always  
wears a carnation, and has  
so pleasant a way about it  
that one cannot refuse the  
dainty bouquets he offers.  
He has even, white teeth,  
and steely blue eyes that  
look you through and  
through. Really, he would  
be a desirable *parti* for some  
woman who craved a fine  
establishment. Forty is just  
in the prime of life, too.  
Had an awful row with  
Harry to-day. A young  
boy with his way to make  
in the world should not be  
clogged, but he won't see  
things reasonably."

VII.

"It is such a pleasure to have an experi-  
enced man of the world as a friend. Mr.  
Forsyth has been everywhere and has read  
everything. We have so many tastes in com-  
mon. Twenty from thirty-five leaves just  
fifteen. Not so much difference in our ages,  
after all. His full name is Gerald Elmore  
Forsyth. Rather pretty, don't you think?  
Met Harry on the street to-day and he cut me  
dead. Poor young fellow!"

VIII.

"My dear Kitty:

"It has been two whole months since I  
wrote you, and I do hope you will forgive me.  
I have been so busy over my trousseau that I  
have scarcely time to breathe. Dear old Hal  
and I are to be married at Christmas time, and  
you will be the prettiest of all the bridesmaids.  
By the way, Grace Lawrence is to be married  
about the same time. I believe I wrote some-  
thing to you a long time ago about an  
old man of the name of Forsyth who  
was casting sheep's eyes at all the  
girls in our set. Well, he is the man,  
and I pity poor Grace from the bottom  
of my heart. I do not see what she  
can mean. A broken-down old man  
with one foot in the grave, fifty-five  
or sixty, if a day! Padded to kill,  
and an iron-gray wig, and all that,  
I suppose. Would n't it be awful to  
see him take himself to pieces?"

"Oh, Kitty! You ought to see  
my lingerie! I am having the love-  
liest blue brocaded"—(etc., etc., etc.,  
for fourteen pages).

"Ecstatically yours, PRISCILLA."

G. R. C.

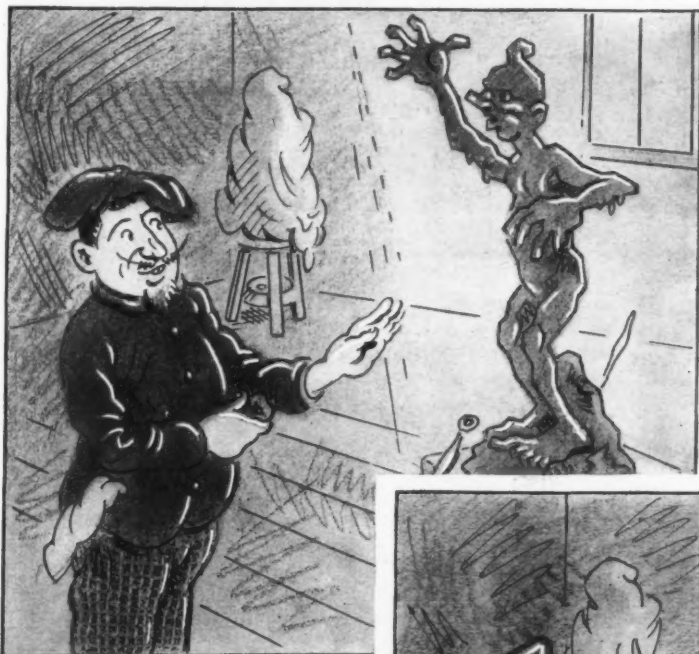
## HOT WORK.

**C**USTOMER.—What's that terrible  
rumpus upstairs about?

**BARTENDER.**—Oh, that's the meet-  
ing of the International Peace Arbi-  
tration Society.

## THE CAUSE OF HIS JOY.

**F**RRIEND.—What does the doctor say?  
**CASEY.**—He seems to be elated  
because he has the fever nearly down  
to where it was when he started!



## AND THEN —

**FUTURIST SCULPTOR.**—Ah! At  
last! Zis figure of youth will bring  
to me ze fame!

## PARADOXICAL.

**MANAGER RURALVILLE THE-  
ATRE.**—Who's that feller  
with your show that's all the time  
cussin' and swearin'?

**PROPRIETOR UNCLE TOM COM-  
PANY.**—Oh! that's our angel.

## PROOF.

**CHARLEY BRONSON.**—Have you  
a good laundress?

**HARDY UPTON.**—You bet. She  
does work for some of the best-  
dressed men in town. Just look at  
the quality of this shirt that came  
in my wash to-day.



## — THE WAX MELTED.

**SCULPTOR** (a minute later).—A - h - h - h - h! Sacre bleu!

**M**any waters cannot quench love; it takes something strong enough to scent  
up the breath.



**For the Household**  
Delivered to your kitchen door, like groceries

## Budweiser

175,000,000 Bottles Yearly

That was the demand for Budweiser last year. The Anheuser-Busch Plant covers today more than 142 acres—equal to 70 city blocks. It gives steady employment to 6,000 people, and to 1,500 more in its branches. Every process, every room, is immaculate. Every bottle is Pasteurized

and inspected. This Quality-Plant, started nearly 50 years ago, is a model of modern facilities. The hundreds of visitors who go through every day know that nothing of its kind could be made any better than Budweiser.

**Anheuser-Busch, St. Louis**

The Largest Plant of Its Kind in the World

Some of the Principal Buildings



AMONG clerical anecdotes, says the *Argonaut*, is that of the vicar and curate who had quarreled, and the curate was requested to find some other congregation to minister to. He therefore preached his farewell sermon, and the parishioners came in crowds to hear him.

"My text," he said, "is taken from the moving story of Abraham. 'Tarry ye here with the ass while I — go yonder!'"

## Walk, — You, Walk!

THIS is the poem that you read in PUCK years ago and have been looking for ever since. We have now issued

**"WALK,  
— YOU,  
WALK!"**

as a *Booklet*, in large, readable type, with the original illustrations, at

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### A KILLING OFFENSE.

The late James R. Keene, himself almost a Forty-niner, used to tell many a story about the characters of those days.

"It was difficult," he once said, "to be a temperance man, for to refuse to drink with a Forty-niner was a worse offense than to kiss his wife.

"A Forty-niner, twirling his long, drooping mustache, said to a tenderfoot in a bar-room:

"Have some red-eye with me."

"Thank you—no," said the tenderfoot, a total abstainer, firmly.

"There was a tense silence in the crowded bar. A pin could have been heard to drop. Then the Forty-niner reached back to his hip-pocket and said with a weary sigh:

"Hell! Can't I even take a drink without killin' a man?" — *Everybody's*.

### POOR LO.

It was in New York State that Mr. Miller came upon a community where the Indians had been for years, and meeting an old fellow on the highway, asked his business.

"Me preacher," grunted the Indian.

"Well, well," commented Mr. Miller.

"What do they pay you?"

"Ten dollars," grunted the Indian.

"Ten dollars a month?" asked Mr. Miller.

"No, ten dollars a year."

"Ten dollars a year! Why, that's a poor salary, isn't it?" gasped Mr. Miller.

"Me poor preacher," grunted the Indian. — *Catholic Citizen*.

A SAD-FACED little girl with a fistful of mud was standing in a sheltered corner of a grocery-store and was from time to time peering around down the street.

"Who are you waiting for, little girl?" asked the man.

"Henrietta."

"What has Henrietta done?" asked the man, with a significant glance at the mud in the child's hands.

"Nothin'. Don't you know she's Queen of the May?" — *The Argonaut*.

HE was seated in the parlor

And he said unto the light:

"Either you or I, old fellow,  
Will be turned down to-night."

— *Cornell Widow*.

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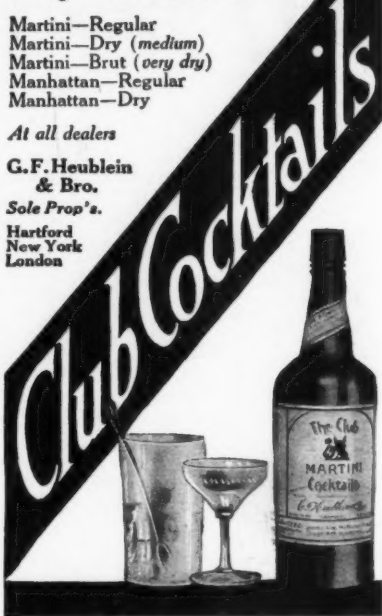
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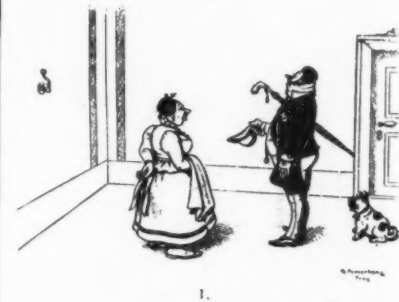
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"I SUPPOSE classical music is all right in its place," said Maud.

"I'm sure of it," replied Mamie.

"I don't care to listen to it myself, but sometimes you have to play it in order to get a man to go home." — *Washington Star*.

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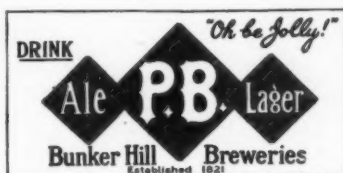
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**THE BRUTE.**  
CO-ED.—What tense do I use when I say "I am beautiful?"  
BOLD SOPH.—"Remote past."—*Vermont Crabbe.*

**A RUTHLESS RIME.**  
Lily smashed the royal gems  
And drowned the keeper in the Thames!  
What doth this girlish prank denote?  
Oh, just that Lily wants to vote!  
—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"MADAM, I must congratulate you on having such a pushing young fellow for a husband."  
"Yes, George does very well with the lawn-mower, but I have a time with him about the baby-carriage."—*Baltimore American.*



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**MARKED.**  
MOTHER.—Don't cry, dear. Which one of the twins hit you?  
DEAR.—The one with the black eye.  
—*The Sphinx.*

**SINCE EVE'S TIME.**  
A woman can say "dear" to another and make it sound like "I'm a liar."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

**PRETTY CLOSE.**  
FIRST STUDENT.—How near were you to the right answer to the fifth question?  
SECOND STUDE.—Two seats away.  
*Widow.*

"You have been very generous in buying Mabel new gowns," remarked Mrs. Cumrox.

"Yes," was the reply. "I don't like that man who pays her so much attention."

"I don't see what that has to do with it."

"I desire to give him something to think about when I ask him if he can support her in the style to which she has been accustomed."—*Wash. Star.*

"SHE told me to kiss her on either cheek."

"And you——"  
"Hesitated a long time between them."—*Lehigh Burr.*

"I AM afraid that actors sometimes deceive us about the salaries they get."  
"No," replied the keen observer. "They may think they do, but they don't."—*Washington Star.*

**GLEE-CLUB MAN.**—How do you like that refrain?

**UNAPPRECIATIVE FRIEND.**—The more you refrain the better I like it.  
—*Pelican.*

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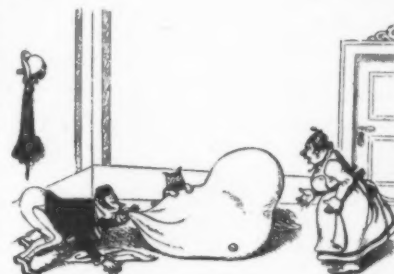


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"What was the matter with him?"  
"Somebody got him to sign the pledge, and he got so stuck up he would n't eat anything but mineral-water bottles."—*Detroit Free Press.*

BILL.—Are you married?  
POSTER.—Yep.  
BILL.—Anything running about the house?  
POSTER.—Only a fence. —*Stanford Chaparral.*



111.  
(Continued on page 15.)

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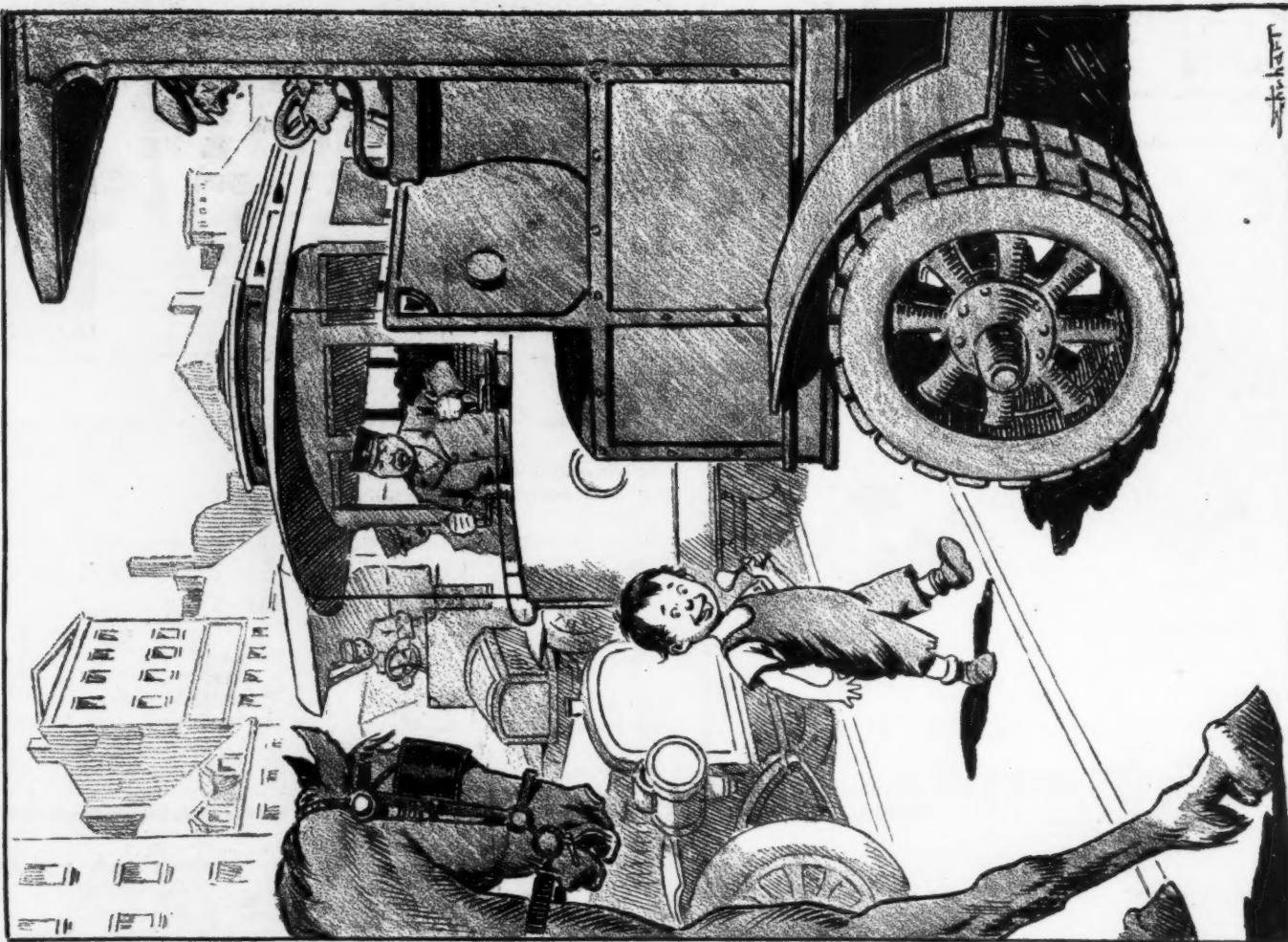
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# CROSSING THE STREET.



WHEN THE NICE LITTLE BOY CROSSES:  
 "Now, be very careful, Ethelbert; here comes a push-cart!"



WHEN THE TOUGH LITTLE BOY CROSSES:  
 "Aw, wot 's eatin' youse? T'ink I don't know me way home?"



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"My dear," said Mrs. Snaggs to her husband, "what is a canard?"  
"Don't you know what a canard is?" queried Snaggs, rather sneeringly.  
"Why, the word itself conveys its own meaning."  
"Does it? Well, really, I can't see it. What does it mean, dear?"  
"Why, a canard is something one canardly believe, of course."  
"Oh, to be sure! Why couldn't I think of that?"—*Exchange.*

EVANESCENT JOY.

I met her in a crowd;  
She sweetly smiled at me;  
I felt extremely proud,  
For she was good to see.

Alas, my gladness died  
Almost ere it began;  
I heard her ask (aside):  
"Who is that nice old man?"  
—*Record-Herald.*

AN OFFSET.

They both had sections of the paper.

"Here's a New York man gives his wife a diamond necklace. Nothing like that happens to me."

"Well," said he, "here's a Chicago man gives his wife a black eye. Nothing like that ever happens to you either, my dear."—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

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"Yes, it is the latest fad."

"Well, I serve notice right here that I don't button any dogs down the back."—*Courier-Journal.*

**JILL.**—Is Gill a good judge of cigars?

**BILL.**—I think he must be. He had two last night. He gave me one. He must have kept the best one.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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*Detroit Free Press.*

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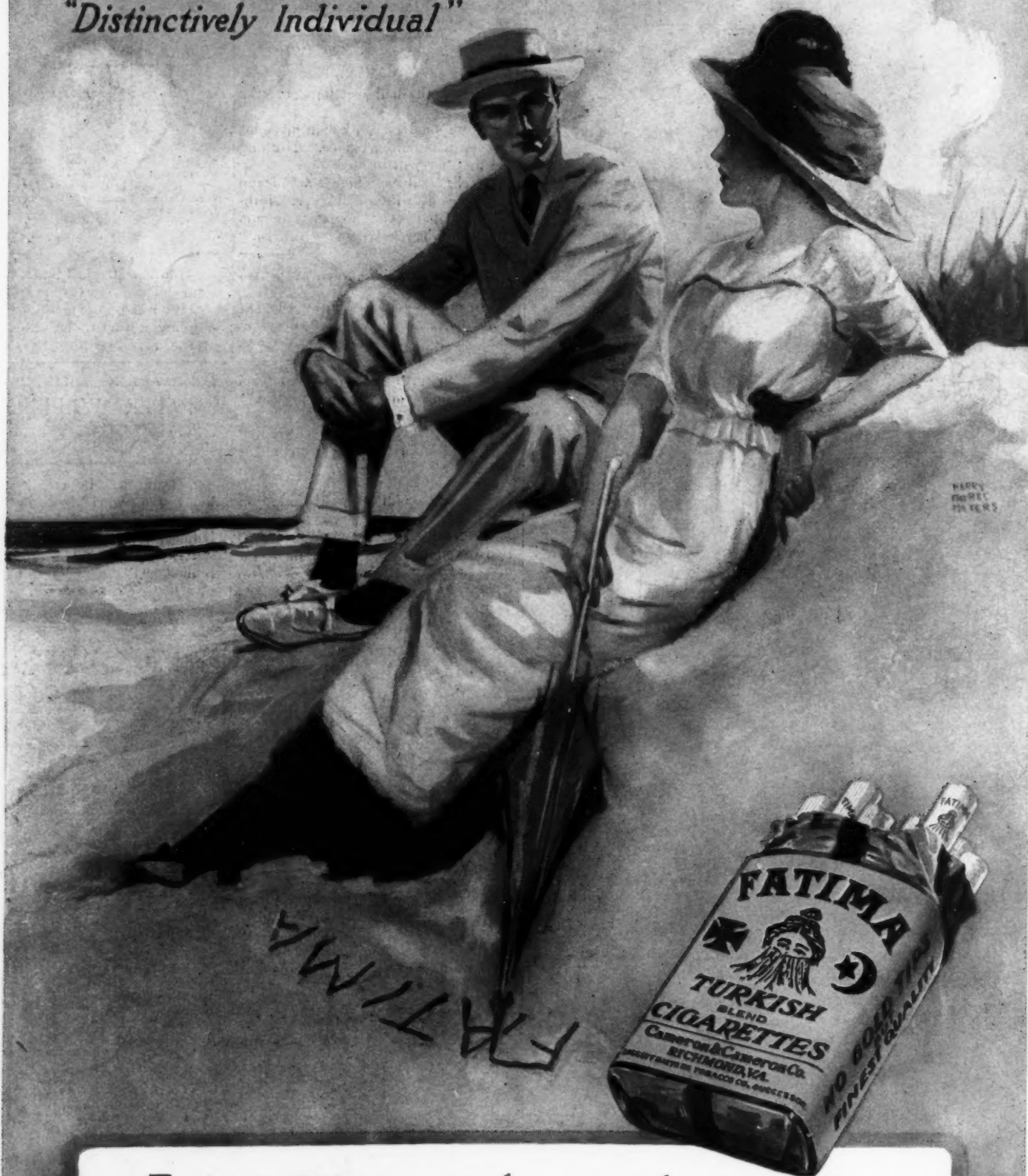
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